

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c

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AUBER'S NEW OPERA.

ALL Paris is in a state of unusual excitement. The *Enfant Prodigue* has obtained a greater success than any opera since the *Huguenots*. The genius of Auber, which seemed to have slumbered for some years past, has suddenly awakened, and shone with all the brilliancy which manifested itself in *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Gustave*. The hero of of an hundred works, in his latest composition, has created one of his greatest *chefs-d'œuvre*. The artistes have all effected wonders in their parts, and Massol has, by many degrees, surpassed all his previous efforts in singing and acting. We have received a long letter from our Parisian correspondent, which we shall publish next week.

THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On Wednesday evening the Queen gave the first of a series of dramatic entertainments in the Castle. A temporary stage had been erected in the Rubens Room, which had been fitted up for the reception of Her Majesty and the Prince and the distinguished circle honoured with invitations to witness the performance, the arrangements being similar to those at former entertainments.

At 8 o'clock, Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Adeliza Howard, the Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde and Lady Emily de Burgh, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Liverpool, Viscount Canning, Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord Edward Howard, Sir James and Lady Graham, Sir David Dundas, Sir James Clark, Lady Fanny Howard, and Baroness de Speth, quitted the state apartments, and were conducted to the temporary theatre, the ladies in waiting to the Queen and the gentlemen in waiting to Her Majesty and the Prince attending Her Majesty and his Royal Highness.

The following were also honoured with invitations to witness the dramatic representation:—The Marquis and Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Mansfield and the Ladies Murray, the Hon. and Rev. Henry and Lady Anna Maria Cust and the Misses Cust, the Hon. Peregrine Cust and Miss Cust, Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. C. B. and Mrs. Phipps and Miss Bathurst, the Provost of Eton and the Hon. Mrs. Hodgson, the Rev. Dr. Hawtry, Sir George and Lady Couper, Miss and Mr. Couper, Hon. Henry Ashley, Major-General Scott, Mrs. Bouverie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seymour and Miss Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Grote, Mr. Birch, Mr. Glover, the Commanding Officer and two officers of the Coldstream Guards, the Commanding Officer and two

officers of the Royal Horse Guards, and Commander Forbes, R. N.

The Queen and Prince Albert being seated, and the distinguished visitors and the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal Household having also taken their seats, the performance commenced.

Her Majesty's private band was in attendance in an ante-room immediately adjacent during the evening.

The following was the programme of the Royal entertainment:—

By command,

Shakspeare's Historical Play of KING HENRY IV. (Part 1.)

King Henry IV.	Mr. Cooper
Henry, Prince of Wales	Mr. Anderson
Prince John of Lancaster	Miss Daly
Earl of Westmoreland	Mr. C. Fisher
Sir Walter Blount	Mr. Belton
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester,	Mr. Ryder
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland	Mr. King
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur (his son)	Mr. Charles Kean
Archibald, Earl of Douglas	Mr. F. Cooke
Sir Richard Vernon	Mr. J. F. Cathcart
Sir John Falstaff	Mr. Bartley
Poins	Mr. James Vining
Gadshill	Mr. Rolleston Cathcart
Peto	Mr. J. Binge
Bardolph	Mr. Addison
Francis	Mr. Meadows
Carriers	Mr. Keeley
Sheriff	Mr. Harley
Raby	Mr. Paulo
	Mr. Stacey
Travellers	Mr. Wynn, Mr. Daly,
	Mr. Stokes, and
	Mr. Haines.
	Mrs. Charles Kean,
Lady Percy (Wife to Hotspur)	
Mrs. Quickly (Hostess of a tavern in East Cheap) Scene, England	Mrs. Keeley
Director	Mr. Charles Kean.
Assistant Director	Mr. George Ellis.

The Theatre was arranged and the Scenery painted by Mr. Thomas Grieve.

MADRID.—So great has been the success of Alboni and Formes in *The Favourite*, that nothing else has been done since the opening of the new opera-house. The royal family and court attended the first performance, and the theatre has been crowded every night with the rank and fashion of the city.

MISS CATHERINE HAVES arrived in London on Tuesday week, from Dublin, and proceeded immediately for Rome; thence she will go to Russia, having to appear at the imperial theatres of Moscow and St. Petersburg this winter. She will embark for New York early in the summer.

THE GRAND NATIONAL CONCERTS.

(From the Morning Post.)

THE production of Mr. Howard Glover's *serenata*, founded on the story of "Hero and Leander," has been anticipated with much interest in the musical world. The few examples of Mr. Glover's music, which the public have been allowed an opportunity of hearing, had created so favourable an impression that great things were expected from this new composition. The disappointment was, therefore, general, when, instead of a work complete in all its parts, a series of isolated pieces was presented last night, at the Grand National Concerts, under the head of "Mr. Howard Glover's grand selection from 'Hero and Leander.'" The managers, however, would seem to have been induced to this step by cogent reasons. In spite of its undoubted merits, Mr. Macfarren's *Sleeper Awakened* was found too long by the public of the promenade; and no wonder. To listen to a serious composition of two hours and a half in duration, without the convenience of seats, and the consequent impossibility of paying undisturbed attention, was no easy matter; and though Mr. Macfarren's work obtained a triumphant *succès d'estime*, it failed in the sequel to attract the crowd. Under the influence of this example, we presume, Mr. Glover was persuaded to offer a selection from his *serenata*, instead of the whole, and to confine this selection generally to the lighter and more catching pieces. The result justified the calculation. There were no less than three encores in immediate succession, and the audience, a very full one, listened, from first to last, without the smallest evidence of weariness or impatience. The entire performance did not occupy more than one hour and a quarter, the beneficial effect of which was indisputable.

We shall not attempt to enter into any account of the story which has served Mr. Glover as the basis of his musical inspirations. Every one is familiar with the tale of "Hero and Leander," and were this not the case, but little could be adduced from the series of *morceaux* presented last night, since the course of the dramatic action is continually arrested by the gaps in the music, and it would be impossible to arrive at anything like a connected chain of incidents. Let us, therefore, at once proceed to consider the musical merits of the work.

The overture is an original and ambitious example of instrumental writing. It opens in the key of C minor, with a mysterious *largo*, in which a long roll of the drums is relieved by soft chords in the wood instruments. This leads, through a gradual *diminuendo*, to the principal theme—*allegro agitato*, in the same key, a short transition to F minor embracing a passionate phrase for the violins. After this has been developed in the approved manner, a vigorous unison passage for all the instruments gives way to an episode commenced by the oboe and bassoon, and responded to by the flutes and oboes, which, after some elaboration, brings the first regular *forte* for full orchestra in the primitive key. With the interval of a few bars of natural modulation, the principal second subject now appears in the relative major of the key. The melody is given to the first clarinet, supported by the harmony of all the wood instruments, with horns in combination, and coloured by a soft *arpeggio* figure for the "strings." This at first slightly recalls a point in the overture of *Der Freischütz*, but the entirely opposite manner in which Mr. Glover has treated it, eschewing the *tremolando* and other devices, soon obliterates all resemblance. The second part of the overture is not fugued, like the *Zauberflöte*

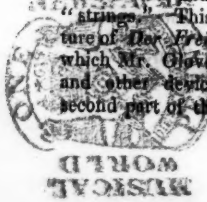
and other great models, but varied by striking passages of modulation, ultimately bringing back the original theme, in C minor, a fragment of which only is given, its progress being interrupted by an episode in the same primal key—a kind of *lento*, where the violins, in octaves with the violoncellos, deliver a phrase of melancholy character, deepening the interest while it boldly contrasts with the general colour of the rest. After this, the original *forte*, again in C minor, is repeated, and the principal second theme re-introduced in much the same manner as before, the clarinet taking the melody—although the key, in obedience to legitimate forms, is this time the tonic major, while the accompaniments are slightly varied. A pleasing effect is here obtained by an unexpected progression into A major, the violins having a modification of the second theme, *pianissimo*, answered by the flutes and oboes in the extreme key of F sharp major, which, in its turn, is quickly disposed of by a dexterous enharmonic modulation, changing the A sharp into B flat. Hence, by natural progressions, the dominant of C minor is attained, and the vigorous unison passage already alluded to resumed. A passionate development of the prominent feature of the first principal theme, briefly interrupted by a quaint and effective recitative dispersed among the double basses and other stringed instruments, brings the overture to a climax at once energetic and satisfactory. The performance of this complex orchestral prelude will, doubtless, be better when the orchestra is more familiar with it. Last night it wanted delicacy and finish, although there was certainly no lack of fire.

We need not be diffuse about the vocal pieces, which are of a much less intricate texture. The introductory chorus of maidens, "What sorrow has thy soul oppressed?" commences, after a long symphony, with a mournful phrase, in unison, for *soprani*, the effect of which, although melodious, was feeble, owing to the insufficient number of executants. An episode, *andante*, in E flat, in three and four-part harmony "More bright than ever beams the gold," is skillfully written, and, the weakness of the unison got rid of, was infinitely more effective. The *coda*, or third part, in the tonic major, "Birds that sing from every bough," is more animated, and forms a happy conclusion. The fault of this chorus is sameness of measure; the three parts are successively in 6-8, 3-4, and 3-8, which induces a feeling of something like monotony. The instrumentation, however, mitigates this, in a great degree, by its happy variety.]

Hero's romance, "Star of morning," in A major, begins with a delicate *ritornella* for oboe, clarionets, horns, and bassoons. The melody is fresh and vocal throughout. It is one of the best pieces in the selection, and was nicely sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton.

"My fate is in my Hero's eyes," a ballad for Leander in A flat, beginning with a well-written *obligato* for bassoon (admirably played by M. Baumann), is again "tuneful," in the fullest acceptance of the word, but, as in the preceding air, the accompaniments are somewhat thinly instrumented. Mr. Glover is evidently not of the "obstreperous" school, and is in no danger of making noise the substitute for invention; but he carries this, we think, to an extreme. Mr. Sims Reeves, although labouring under the effects of cold, sang this ballad delightfully, and to him no small share of the applause it received was due.

Far superior, in a strictly musical point of view, is the romance in F sharp minor which follows, "A wild disorder swells within this tortured breast," a truly passionate effusion,



the meaning of which can hardly be mistaken. The *agitato* figure given to the violins and violoncellos is carried out with great skill to the end, and deepens the intensity of the melody. Miss Poole sang this romanza well, but a little additional warmth would render it still more effective.

As far as mere effect is concerned, the ballad in D, with horn obligato, "The strain I heard in happier days," may be considered the "hit" of the selection. It is in the sentimental style, and appeals strongly to popular appreciation. Mdle. Angri, who transposed it a third higher, sang it divinely. We have rarely heard more finished ballad singing. Nor could the florid horn solo have been more efficiently rendered than by Herr Steglich, whose valves, however, deprive the instrument, in a great measure, of its pure and legitimate tone. The ballad was rapturously encored, and will, doubtless, to make use of a stock phrase, "find its way to every drawing-room" in an unusually short period of time.

The pretty arietta, in E major, "I do not love," with its sparkling combinations of wood instruments, so Auberish in their chattering piquancy, has been heard before, and from the lips of Mrs. Newton, if we be not in error. Although foreign to the plan of *Hero and Leander*, it was not, however, an unwelcome interpolation, as the *encore* proved.

The unaccompanied quartett in A, for two *soprani*, tenor, and bass—sung by Miss Poole, Mrs. Newton, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Bodda—was one of the gems of the selection. A cleverer example of vocal part writing, its briefness and simplicity admitted, is not often heard; this, too, was encored, although not without opposition. Three *encores*, one after the other, without interruption, was too rare and unexpected an event to pass over without hostile comment, although not one of the three was better deserved than that accorded to the unaccompanied quartett.

A romance, set down for Mr. Sims Reeves, "Thou hast left me," was omitted, without explanation. The next piece was another ballad in C, for Miss Poole, "Voices from Home," with a remarkably long solo for the Cornet-à-pistons, which was judiciously played by M. Arban. This also, is familiar to us, and has, we believe, been introduced at several of the metropolitan concerts. The tune is catching, but there is a tone of commonplace about it which is not observable in any of the other pieces. Miss Poole's unaffected singing, nevertheless, helped it to a warm reception, and it narrowly escaped an *encore*.

"Who, oh! why longed my soul to tell?" a *cavatina* for Mrs. Newton, belongs again to the Auber school. The melody is a lively phrase, in detached notes. The *ritornella* is noticeable for a pretty *pedale* point, the sustaining note of which is given to the horn and bassoon. The flauto piccolo is introduced in the accompaniments with characteristic effect, and there is an air of spontaneity about the whole which cannot fail to charm. Mrs. Newton sang it neatly, but with hardly enough spirit to ensure its full appreciation by the audience.

The concluding chorus is far superior to any other concerted piece with which this selection has made us acquainted. The opening, in Eminor, with bass solo (Mr. Bodda), "His death alone can render now contentment to my soul," is large and expressive; and the *andante cantabile* in the major key, with soprano solos for Mrs. Newton, discovers a flow of rhythmical melody, enriched by orchestral accompaniments, in which the same strength and variety are observable as in the overture. As much as this chorus exceeded all that preceded it in musical merit and pretension, did the execution surpass, in

correctness and effective *ensemble*, the whole of the foregoing vocal pieces.

Although a great deal was wanting to enable us to pronounce the performance of last night a perfect one, enough was effected to ensure the success of Mr. Glover's work, and to raise a general wish in these present to hear the whole of a composition which, reduced to a mere series of fragments, offered so many real attractions to the musical *connoisseur*.

Mr. Balfé conducted with care and energy, and the highest praise is due to the principal solo vocalists, more especially to Mdle. Angri, who, with only one short ballad to sing, produced an effect at once so genuine and unanimous.

We shall take an early occasion to attend another performance of the selection from *Hero and Leander*, about which there no more to say than can be safely ventured after a single hearing.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

IN pursuance of an annual custom, M. Jullien confined the first part of his programme on Thursday night week to a selection from the works of Beethoven, dignifying the performance with the somewhat pompous title of the "Beethoven Festival," which would have been more appropriate had the whole of the evening been devoted to the music of the great German composer. Nevertheless, what was given was of the best, and well varied, and the crowd it attracted filled the theatre to overflowing. The concert began with the overture to *Leonora*, followed by the concerto in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, which, while it presents the greatest difficulties to the solo-player, in length and grandeur of style yields to none of the symphonies. The pianoforte part, sustained by M. Alexander Billet, could hardly have been entrusted to more competent hands. It demands not only a mechanism equal to the most arduous *tours de force*, but a command of the nicest shades of expression. M. Billet displayed both in a remarkable degree, and his performance, although it occupied more than half an hour, was listened to attentively and warmly applauded. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz then sang "Kennst du das land," a setting of the well-known song in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, of which Beethoven, not always in love with his own vocal essays, was especially proud. It is simple, but not the less beautiful, and was given by Mademoiselle Treffz with a feeling so entirely genial to the sentiment embodied in the words and music that she was unanimously called upon to repeat it. At the same time we must state that Beethoven intended the accompaniment for a pianoforte, much preferable, in so unpretending a song, to an orchestral arrangement. With such a pianist as M. Billet in the theatre, the alternative would have been easy. The first part terminated with the symphony in C minor, performed without curtailment. This fine work is fully appreciated at the concerts of M. Jullien, under whose direction it goes in the most satisfactory manner, and who may justly claim the honour of having been the first to popularize it with the crowd in this country. In the last movement, however, if the trumpet parts must be doubled, we are of opinion that the legitimate instrument should be resorted to, instead of the cornet-à-pistons, which has a tone far less vigorous, sharp, and inspiring.

The feature of the second part was the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," which bids fair to outrun all M. Jullien's similar effusions in popular favour. The culminating points were the "Marseillaise," by the French drummers, and "God Save the Queen," upon which the whole resources of the orchestra

are engaged. Both were the signals for demonstrations of an uproarious character. Of course the last was repeated. Herr Koenig played "My bright Savoy," one of the prettiest and most engaging songs of Mademoiselle Angelina, in a highly finished manner, and was loudly applauded. Mademoiselle Jetty Treffz, being encored in Lindley's cavatina, "The Mountain Daisy," was requested, by an obstreperous majority, to substitute "Trab, trab, trab," and of course gave way to the general wish. The concert concluded with M. Jullien's "Derby Galop," in which the characteristic features of a crowded race-course are depicted with graphic bustle and animation.

M. Jullien brought his season to a close on Tuesday night. The house was so crammed that personal discomfort militated at intervals against enjoyment of the music. The only wonder was that "rows" were so scarce, and that the general deportment of the densely packed multitude in the promenade presented so few ebullitions of ill-humour. But, except the "No Popery" cries, occasionally the signals for temporary convulsion, which however speedily subsided, and an incessant under-current of grumbling from that part of the audience who, at the back of the orchestra, could neither hear the music nor amuse themselves by walking about, nothing but the best of good behaviour was observed throughout the evening. The programme included many of the most favourite pieces of the season, and, being the last night, each of the artists engaged as solo-players received a separate mark of recognition from the audience. The "classical" pieces consisted of Mendelssohn's pianoforte *rondo* in E flat, finely played by M. Alexandre Billet, and the same composer's *scherzo* from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Jetty Treffz sang twice, and was encored twice. Her first song—"An eine lerche," written expressly for her by Herr Supé, Kapelmeister at one of the Viennese theatres—made a highly favourable impression. It was charmingly sung, and an elaborate flute *obbligato*, excellently performed by Mr. Pratten, added to its effect. After her last song, "Home, sweet home," several bouquets and wreaths were thrown to Mlle. Treffz, who retired amidst loud and general cheering. The last figures of the "Nepaulese" and "Hibernian" Quadrilles of M. Jullien were both encored, and, at the end of the "Great Exhibition Quadrille," there was more than the ordinary noise and enthusiasm. The "Pearl of England," M. Jullien's cleverest *valse a deux temps*, introduced Herr Koenig in one of his most effective solos. His tone is as musical as ever. The tambour-major, M. Barbier, appeared for the first time in full costume. He looked magnificent, and produced quite a sensation. The fantasia from the *Huguenots* brought some of the best of the solo players into prominence—M. Lavigne (oboe), Mr. Winterbottom (bassoon), M. Vogol (viola d'amore), and Herr Sommers (bombardon). The last-named gentleman is a very skilful and effective player, and gave the utmost point and vigour to the "Piff-paff." We must not omit to mention, however, that although he denied, in a letter to the *Times*, that his instrument was of the family of the Saxons' inventions, Herr Sommers has changed its name to "Saxophone," under which designation the ex-Bombardon now stands in the bills. The French drummers, who were in high favour during the evening, concluded the entertainment with their "chant d'honneur," after which, by universal command, the National Anthem was played twice amidst boisterous demonstrations from the audience. A call from every part of the house then brought forward M. Jullien, who was honoured with a genuine and hearty burst of cheering. The present season has been the most successful since the concerts were first instituted.

In many respects the *bal masqué* of Thursday night was an improvement on all what had preceded it, and gave evidence that were such entertainments less exceptional with us, under the judicious guidance of the great Jullien we should evidently produce an article capable of honourably competing with the most approved specimens of foreign produce. With respect to the dresses, the progress was decided. They were generally fresher in appearance, and seemed less to perplex the wearers and overwhelm them with a sense of the intensely serious responsibility they had incurred. There were fewer melancholy Greeks, dispeptic Turks, and tawdry nondescripts with manifestly oppressed consciences. In a word, Nathan seemed decidedly to have been dethroned, or forced to conform with the more enlightened spirit of his subjects. The dingy and flabby garments, the refuse of decayed theatrical enterprise—whose presence appeared a ghastly mockery of mockery itself—were for the most part banished, at least the preponderance of careful and tastefully devised costumes rendered their oppressive influence less felt. In the deportment of the wonderfully promiscuous mass of individuals thus brought together, and which it would take a Balzac to identify and dissect, and a Cuvier to classify, there was an increased general aptitude to conform with the little conventional obligations and licenses without which the affair becomes either a disgraceful exhibition of national brutality or a solemn absurdity. Gibes might be heard circulating, and if not always meeting with a ready retort in the same spirit, yet they were not rebuked with threat of personal violence to the unlucky jester, as was formerly the wont with the less initiated masqueraders. Altogether it was a more spirited—a jollier *bal masqué* than any we have yet seen. The dress of one of the maskers, who seemed perfectly *au fait* to the spirit in which these things should be entered into, is worth recording. Though a perfectly correct version of the costume of a Templar, the materials of which it was composed were as novel as they were appropriately fantastic. The cloak was formed of the huge placard whereby M. Jullien's "*bals*" are announced to his expectant patrons, and the rest of his attire was profusely but very neatly decorated with smaller bills and other trophies of Jullien's popularity, the crowning piece being a portrait of the great *entrepreneur* himself, occupying the breast of the wearer. The whole effect of the dress was excessively striking, and would have done honour to an *habitué* of the celebrated *bals chicard*. The decorations and other necessary ingredients to the ball were much the same as on the previous occasion, with one grand exception—the presence of the French drummers, with their illustrious choregos, the Tambour Major, whose stalwart dimensions, rendered more imposing by the effect of his magnificent *grande tenue*, towered over the scene, and seemed an image of grim war solemnly presiding over the frivolities of peace. M. Jullien, too, notwithstanding the powerful rivalry of such a presence, was, as usual, a grand central object, an inexhaustible fountain of energy and spirit, indomitable to the last, surviving all, and waving his baton triumphantly, and with even redoubled vigour, over the wan and wasted dancers of the last polka.

Mrs. E. C. ALLEN.—Viscount Gough, the Hon. Capt. Gough, and Colonel Haines, honoured the Academy of Mrs. E. C. Allen with a visit last week, and expressed in terms of the highest praise the gratification they derived from the performance of her pupils.

MADAME MACFARREN, whose success in the provinces we have chronicled in our notices of Catherine Hayes's *tournée*, has arrived in London.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREEES MUSICALE.

THE third and last subscription *soirée*, of a series of three, came off on Tuesday. We were unable to attend the first two; we have, therefore, much pleasure in presenting the programme of the last, that our readers may be enabled to judge of the excellence of the others. Miss Dolby's concerts have always been the best of their kind, as may be gathered from the following specimen:—

PART I.

Quartett, in G minor, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Blagrove, Clementi, Dando, and Lucas	Mozart.
Aria, "Nasce al bosco," M. Jules Stockhausen	Handel.
Aria, "O salutaris hostia," Miss Dolby	Cherubini.
Selections from the Pianoforte Works, Romance—Genevieve, Rondo Piacevole, Op. 26, E minor, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett	W. S. Bennett.
Song, "The Slave," Miss Eliza Birch	Keiser.
Songs, "My faint spirit," "Wishes," Miss Dolby	G. A. Macfarren.
Quartetts without Accompaniment, "O hills! O vales," "The nightingale has been away," Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Swift, and M. Stockhausen	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Trio, in G. Op. 2, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Mr. W. S. Bennett, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Lucas	Beethoven.
Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Swift	Mozart.
Song, "Life's Seasons," (first time of performance), Miss Dolby	Frank Mori.
Solo, Violin, on Airs from <i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i> , Mr. Blagrove	Blagrove.
Songs, "Abfahrt von der Alp," "Die Ungeduld," M. Jules Stockhausen	Häber.
Duet, "To my guitar," Miss E. Birch and Miss Dolby	Schubert.
National Airs, Miss Dolby	Laura Barker.
Glee, "Lochinvar," Miss E. Birch, Mr. Swift, and M. Stockhausen	Dr. Clarke.

It is now too late in the day to eulogise Miss Dolby's talents. What every one knows requires no insisting upon. Miss Dolby stands at the head of the English school of female singers, and has maintained her position for some years. On Tuesday evening she was in delightful voice, and charmed her auditors in almost every instance. Cherubini's aria, and Macfarren's two delightful songs, were given in the singer's most captivating manner.

Sterndale Bennett played *à merveille*, and all the other artists acquitted themselves more than creditably.

Mr. Lindsey Sloper accompanied the vocal music.

MISS GODDARD.

(From the Illustrated News.)

THE beautiful in music must result from the combined influences of nature and art; and all great musicians have been distinguished even in their very infancy, by palpable signs of musical organization and acute sensibility. Miss Arabella Goddard, the youthful *pianiste* whose portrait is presented in our columns this day, has formed no exception to the above rule—from her earliest childhood she evinced an extraordinary attachment for instrumental sounds. Born on the 12th of January, 1836, at St. Servan, near St. Malo, in France, of English parents, the quickness of her ear did not escape attention, and the predilection of the child was encouraged by maternal instruction. At the age of four years and a half the marvellous talent and execution of Miss Arabella were exhibited in public for the first time, at a charitable concert, given at St. Servan, and she played a fantasia on themes from Mozart's "Don Giovanniin."

Mr. and Mrs. Goddard removing to Paris, their daughter,

for four years, received lessons from the late Kalkbrenner, the celebrated pianist and composer; and on the return of her parents to London, the cultivation of her abilities was allotted to the accomplished Mrs. Anderson, the pianist to her Majesty, and instructress to the Princess Royal. At eight years of age, Miss Goddard had the honour of performing before her Majesty and Prince Albert. There was a question of placing her at the Royal Academy of Music, to compete for the King's Scholarship; but this intention was abandoned, and, at the suggestion of Herr Kuhe, from whom Miss Goddard had lessons, Thalberg was selected as the finishing master of the gifted child, who displayed astonishing readiness at sight playing, and a most surprising musical memory. At a *matinée d'invitation* given by Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, at their residence, on the 30th of March last, Miss Goddard performed before a select company of amateurs.

The *Illustrated London News*, in mentioning her remarkable execution, predicted that, with increased strength, she would rival any living *pianiste*; and there is every prospect of the realization of the prophecy. Except at a *matinée musicale* given by Miss Bassano during the past season, Miss Goddard did not play in public. Her *début* at the Grand National Concerts took place October 23, when she played the "Elisir" fantasia, and "Tarantella" of her master, berg, with the most decided success. Since this essay the popularity of Miss Goddard has been permanently established; she has executed the first movement of Hummel's Concerto in E; the "Masaniello" and "Don Pasquale" fantasias of Thalberg; Streich's "Hirondelles;" Prudent's "Lucia" and "Puritani" fantasias; caprices of Blumenthal, &c.

Although Miss Goddard's performances at her Majesty's Theatre have been chiefly confined to the works of the modern romantic school, of which wonderful mechanism and poetic feeling are the great characteristics, she is equally distinguished as a *pianiste* in the classic stores of high art, and the elaborations of a Bach fugue are exhibited by her with the utmost delicacy and precision.

Miss Goddard is as yet a mere child, and the witchery her playing exercises over the minds of her auditory is not the result of a marked individuality of style, or of enormous manual power; but it arises from her elegant, graceful facility of execution, her crisp and delicate tone, and the certainty of her passage-playing.

Miss Goddard is now studying composition under Mr. Macfarren, and with her future advance in musical knowledge, there is every legitimate expectation that she may occupy higher ground than a merely digital executant, in which she is now so pre-eminent. Her equality of touch is charming; and this unity of strength in the fingers enables her to make all the component parts of modern intricacies stand out with clearness and celerity. She will, of course, acquire more strength in the wrists; and to her present exquisitely cabinet-picture finish, if we may so term it, will, no doubt, be added her only physical defect—that of power.

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—An evening concert was given by Mrs. Bull on Thursday, the 9th inst. The vocalists were Miss Dolby, Mrs. Bull, Mr. Allen, Mr. Henry Phillips, and Mr. H. Whitworth. Kate Loder—a host in herself—was the sole instrumentalist. There was a very full attendance. Miss Dolby was encored twice—she was the vocal gem. Kate Loder played twice, and both times magnificently. Her two performances were Thalberg's *Elisir* fantasia, and Mendelssohn's *Carpriciosa*; she was rapturously applauded. Mr. Kimpson presided at the piano over the vocal music.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From the New York Daily Tribune.)

JENNY LIND'S MORNING CONCERT.—Summer came straying into Autumn yesterday, to look after its singer. For we may surely add to the charm of the syren's song, that of the broad blue calm on which their islands lie. They were fair-fated, yesterday, whom no importunate cares withheld from the morning concert of Jenny Lind. Probably no other singer lives who could have assembled by daylight so large an audience in New York, for with no other singer are the daylight and the sunshine so intimately associated.

All the seats in the hall were occupied at the hour, by an audience more mingled with young and old than at any previous concert. It was pleasant to see an old gentleman who could no longer see, but only feel the beauty of the day, led up to a seat near the platform, and pleasant that "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," were the first words that fell like balm upon his ear. A morning concert is an event so rare among us, that there will be many glad to hear how Jenny Lind was dressed for the occasion—a curiosity that we are enabled to satisfy through a wiser knowledge than our own of the delicate details of feminine apparel. She was dressed in a white Tartan muslin over a dark green silk. The skirt in small tucks quite to the waist, and a high-necked spencer of the same material, shirred and trimmed with lace—the sleeves tight, and a narrow black velvet band around the neck and wrists. Could the subtler sense of another only enable us to detail the delight of her singing as well—it were a happy day for our readers.

The first of the concert was devoted, with the exception of the overture, entirely to sacred music. A manuscript overture of Bristow's was not unworthy the *Opera Comique*—it was melodious, and in Auber's manner. Belletti sang his Haydn air, "Rolling on foaming billows" better than Handel's "The Trumpet shall sound." But he was evidently a little perplexed by the uncertainty of the trumpet accompaniment. During the second part of the concert he sang "Largo al factotum" most sparklingly, and well merited the encore.

Jenny sang "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," in that sunny serenity of style, which is the atmosphere of the song in the mind, and is the expression of the profoundest faith. There are no points in her rendering of this air. It is a broad deep gush of divinely day—the white light of heaven,—yet, if the purity of manner and sentiment in this are so remarkable, not less are they so in Haydn's "On mighty pens," which we must record as one of her greatest triumphs. No composer, so accurately as Haydn, has painted the pastoral peace of the young world. There is always a fresh melody and joyousness in his airs, that irresistibly suggest the bloom of youth. Yesterday it seemed as if all the birds of Eden were piping for the first time, and glad to find themselves so gay. "And cooing calls the tender dove his mate," as a piece of sentiment and vocalization, was exquisitely beautiful. We cannot well imagine any thing more subtly sweet, more the very song of youth and spring. This, also, although deeply felt by the audience, is not the kind of air that provokes tumultuous applause. It is remarked by many, as a singular fact, that the great pictures in the Vatican and elsewhere, do not suddenly shock the mind with surprise, but rise upon it as naturally as the day dawns. It is a fact not alone observable of the finest pictures.

The rest of the programme was made up of the three popular favorites—the Flute, Bird, and Echo songs. Sure are we, that, by this time, they are no especial favourites of the singer. Why do we not have "La mere grand" again.

We are glad to see that yesterday morning's programme is repeated this evening, with the beautiful "*Quando Lasciai la Normandia*," from Meyerbeer's *Roberto*—and not without sadness in reminding our readers that the time is short. We exhort them to count each grain as it passes a grain of gold.

PARODI'S LUCREZIA BORGIA.—Parodi's *Lucrezia* last evening was a most brilliant success. A full and fashionable house were enthusiastic in her favour, and at the close of the second act, in the scene with the Duke and Genaro, the excited and electrical burst of applause that continued until she had twice appeared before the curtain. It was a decided improvement upon the *Norma*, and we heard expressions of delight and comparisons last evening that to transcribe would send a glow quite through our article.

Lucrezia is a character admirably adapted to Parodi's peculiar power. It is drawn by the composer in such broad, bold outline—is so dashed in with a few strong and skilful strokes—that, remembering what we have already said of her, it will be seen how effectively she might interpret the part. A character of such pure passion, as *Lucrezia* is intended to be, allows every variety of expression. Intense or tempestuous, the student of life and art will still recognize the features true to life, feeling that passion in general, like that of love in particular, permits no laws to be laid down for it, and no principles to govern its expression. Parodi's style of passionate expression, as we have suggested before, is the vehement rather than the intense. But it would be difficult to say that at any point last evening she overdid her part, so wild is the whirlpool of hatred and despair which the music means to represent, and which the image of the hateful and beautiful Borgia constantly suggests to the mind. Parodi looks *Lucrezia* well. When she first unmasks there is an expression of deeply graven experience upon her countenance which accords with our anticipations: and in the last scene, when the brilliant curtain draws aside, she stands fateful—an image of death and woe.

The performance last evening, though it pleased us so much more than the *Norma*, confirmed the impression which that gave us. We find still the same large manner, the same decided dramatic points. An effectiveness of posture rather than of movement, and a general tendency to extravagance. The culminating point of the opera was to our fancy, the closing scene of the second act. The artist showed the fierceness of eagerness, rather than the mingled fervour of frightened feeling and despair, but she carried her audience with her, and the curtain fell upon applause as prolonged and sincere as we remember in New York. Parodi lacks tenderness. The "*Com' e bello*" in the first scene with Gennaro, and the dying scene in the last act, were hardly done. The despairing Duchess should have melted somewhat in the mother. The action of the artist and the musical style should thrill us with a strain of sentiment that, in deepening the broader lines of the character, our artist omits. Did we not observe, too, a nervousness about her dress, both in the opera and in *Norma*, and an appeal to the audience during the singing of the intensest parts, which materially and unpleasantly affect the dramatic effect.

She was good, too, with the young Venetians in the last act. Revenge expressed itself in sardonic scorn, and throughout this scene we were reminded of the traditions of Pasta's manner—which, as we saw in its decline, was grand and beautiful. But we were sorry to hear Parodi fairly emulating Lorini during their first duet, in singing false. This passed away somewhat, as the Opera advanced, and we hope as the season advances, will disappear altogether. The curtain fell

upon a triumph, and Parodi was again called to respond to the great satisfaction of the audience.

Signor Beneventano was good as the Duke. In the poisoning scene in the second act he hit strongly the proud points of the Venetian noble.

Signora Patti's Orsini had all the graceful shyness of a girl, and her unaccustomed costume evidently subdued, and therein benefitted her representation. She sang "Il Segreto" carefully and well, and was warmly applauded. Signor Lorini was lamentably false—or hoarse. The choruses were not precise enough, but that is the fault of a first evening.

We shall be much mistaken if Parodi does not win greener laurels in this part, and in all characters of strong outline, rather than in those of more various and delicate charms. It will be always outline, however, for she has not that skill of subtle shading of character which is expressed by a more mobile countenance than hers, and which is essential to the beautiful balance of the highest artistic representation.—*Daily Tribune.*

AN ANCIENT LIND-MANIA.

(From the New York Message Bird.)

The following inscription upon an ancient Greek tablet, of a date 709 years before the Christian era, is another witness to the truth of the Scripture declaration, "there is no new thing under the sun;" and that even our *Lind-mania* has a prototype in the practice of past ages. The remarks in explanation of this inscription, which follow, are from the pen of Professor Murchard, of Berlin, whose nephew, Mr. Krautmann, was the fortunate discoverer of the tablets, which by accident were revealed, buried in an amphora of metal at Corinth.

"On the third day of the music feast at Ephyræ, there was represented a tragedy, after the old manner. And when the Choragi had spoken, the chorus sang in the Hypomixolydian mode; and the chorus consisted of men, youths, boys, and maidens. But Pyrene, the daughter of Teiresias, sang the Hypopotamon, which had never before been heard, since it lies five tones higher than the Hyperbolaion. And all the people clapped their hands aloud, so great was the joy that reigned in the hearts of all the hearers. But King Telestes caused to be presented to the divine songstress a costly set of jewels as a gift. For the like had never before been heard."

"We here become acquainted, for the first time, with a songstress who lived 709 years before Christ. I had imagined that I before knew what Hypomixolydian meant, but I now feel convinced that I am ignorant about the matter, for it is said that Pyrene, the daughter of Teiresias, sang the Hypopotamon, (which signifies something on the other side of the river not to be attained to) which had never before been heard of. Now it is supposed by the moderns, that the Hyperbolaion of the ancients was our A above gamut. If this were correct, then Pyrene must have sung to E in alt, in which case it is not easy to divine how this tone could have created such admiration in all Greece, as it lies perfectly within the compass of a female soprano voice, and our soprano singers sing a full octave higher. Hence, it is much more probable that the Hyperbolaion of the ancients was the tone of B or C in alt; for that the tone of F in alt, or G in alt, should have caused such astonishment is much more likely. Now in Hypolydian and Hypomixolydian modes, the Hyperbolaion does not occur at all, and yet Pyrene sang in these modes, and therefore five times higher than the Hyperbolaion! It is particularly remarkable that Lasus (the person who inscribed the tablets) should twice observe of the Hypopotamon, that it had never been heard before. It must, consequently, have been extraordinarily high. It is also stated that the chorus consisted of men, youths, boys, and maidens; that the chorus sung is also mentioned. Hence, how can it be any longer doubted, that the ancients, in the time of Lasus, were perfectly acquainted with the varieties of the human voice, and that they combined harmoniously, the base, tenor, treble

and descant? For it is in the highest degree probable, that the men sang the base, the youths the tenor, the boys the treble, and the maidens the descant. The opinion, that among the ancients, female parts were played by men, is therefore contradicted, as it is certain from the above text, that in the chorus at least, there were female singers. But King Telestes caused to be presented to the divine songstress a costly present; hence we see that it is not our age alone that is entitled to the epithet enthusiastic: that it is not with us alone that singers are idolized: the ancient Greeks also were enthusiastic, and not less lavish of their 'divine' than we are, since even on a swineherd they once bestowed this glowing epithet."

Our Scrap Book.

[We shall be obliged to any kind friends who may be able and willing to contribute to our Scrap Book.—Ed.]

THE USE OF MUSIC BY THE ANCIENTS.—All sorts of declamation and public speaking were carried on by the ancients in a much more musical tone than it is among us. It approached to a kind of chanting or recitative. Among the Athenians, there was what was called the Nomic Melody; or a particular measure prescribed to the public officers, in which they were to promulgate the laws to the people; lest by reading them with improper tones, the laws might be exposed to contempt. Among the Romans there is a noted story of C. Gracchus, when he was declaiming in public, having a musician standing at his back in order to give him the proper tones with a pipe or flute. Even when pronouncing those terrible tribunitary harangues, by which he inflamed the one-half of the citizens of Rome against the other, this attention to the music of speech was, in those times, it seems, thought necessary to success.—*Blair's Lectures.*

SOCRATES' OPINION OF MUSIC.—Whoever is captivated by music, and yielding himself up to its soothing influence, suffers it to pour in upon his soul through the ears, as through a funnel, those ravishing, sweet, plaintive harmonies we have enumerated, and passes all his days in the alternate joy and sadness produced by the powers of melody, must inevitably be softened like steel in the fire, and lose whatever was harsh or rude in his nature. Indulged in to excess, however, music emasculates instead of invigorating the mind, causing a relaxation of the intellectual faculties, and debasing the warrior into an effeminate slave, destitute of all nerve and energy of soul.—*Plato's Republic.*

ANECDOTE OF MOSES MENDELSSOHN.—The celebrated Mendelssohn, grandfather of the great composer, and who died at Berlin in 1786, was employed in his youth as clerk to an ignorant tradesman. Notwithstanding his humble condition, Mendelssohn had already distinguished himself by the qualities of his mind and heart. Far from complaining of his destiny, he thanked Providence for all the good which had been bestowed upon him. One day, when he had just passed several hours in rectifying an account which had been confused and mystified by his master, one of his friends said to him, "What a pity it is that you should be obliged to serve a man who has not so much sense in his head as you have in your little finger!" "On the contrary, it is an excellent arrangement," replied Mendelssohn, smiling; "for my services are valuable to this man, and I gain my living thereby. Now if I were the master and he the clerk, I should not know what on earth to do with him."—*From the New Monthly Belle Assemblée.*

MUSICAL STYLE.—The musical dissertation was continued until they reached the palace of Zustiniana, where they arrived towards midnight, to partake of coffee and sherbet. From the technicalities of art, they had passed on to style, musical ideas, ancient and modern forms; from that to the artists and their different modes of feeling and expressing themselves. Propora spoke with admiration of his master, Scarlatti, the first who had imparted a pathetic character to religious compositions; but there he stopped, and would not admit that sacred music should trespass upon profane, in tolerating ornaments, trills, and roulades. "Does your highness," said Anzoletto, "find fault with these and other difficult additions, which have, nevertheless, constituted the glory and success of your illustrious pupil, Farinelli?" "I only disapprove of them in the church," replied the maestro; "I would have them in their proper place, which is the theatre. I wish them of a pure, sober, genuine taste, and appropriate in their modulations, not only to the subject of which they treat, but to the person and situation that are represented, and the passion which is expressed. The nymphs and shepherds may warble like any birds; their cadences may be like the flowing fountain; but Medea or Dido can only sob and roar like a wounded lioness. The coquette, indeed, may load her silly cavatina with capricious and elaborate ornaments. Corilla excels in this description of music; but once she attempts to express the deeper emotions—the passions of the human heart, she becomes inferior even to herself. In vain she struggles, in vain she swells her voice and bosom—a note misplaced, an absurd roulade, parodies in an instant the sublimity which she had hoped to reach. You have all heard Faustina Bordoni, now Madame Hasse, in situations appropriate to her brilliant qualities—she had no equal; but when Cuzzoni came with her pure, deep feeling, to sing of pain, of prayer, or tenderness, the tears which she drew forth banished in an instant from your heart the recollection of Faustina. The solution of this is to be found in the fact that there is a showy and superficial cleverness, very different from lofty and creative genius. There is also that which amuses, which moves us, which astonishes us, and which completely carries us away. I know very well that sudden and startling effects are now in fashion; but if I taught them to my pupils as useful exercises, I almost repent of it when I see the majority so abuse them—so sacrifice what is necessary to what is superfluous—the lasting emotion of the audience to cries of surprise, and the darts of a feverish and transitory pleasure. —*Consuelo, by George Sand.*

MUSICAL PUN.—A young musician, celebrated for his modesty and sincerity, on his first appearance before the public, finding that he could not give the trills effectively, assured the audience, by way of apology, "That he trembled so that he could not shake!"

Music resembles poetry: in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach.

MUSICAL SCALES.—There are some oriental nations, such as the Arabs, the Turks, and the Persians, whose instruments are constructed on a scale of intervals of thirds. Such intervals, and such a division of the scale, can be appreciated only by organs accustomed by education to their effect: the sensation which they produce upon a European ear is that of false sounds and disagreeable successions, while the Arabs find pleasure in them, and are painfully affected by hearing our scale.—Extracted from —, by *Arnelian*.

THE MORMON ORCHESTRA.—Well as I knew the peculiar fondness of the Mormons for music, their orchestra in service on this occasion astonished me by its numbers and fine drill. The story was, that an eloquent missionary had converted its members in a body at an English town, a stronghold of the sect, and that they took up their trumpets, trombones, drums, and hautboys together, and followed him to America. When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their tableware, jewellery, and almost every other fragment of metal wealth they possessed that was not iron, they had never a thought of giving up the instruments of this favourite band; and when the battalion was enlisted, though high inducements were offered some of the performers to accompany it, they all refused. Their fortunes went with the camp of the tabernacle. They had led the farewell service in the Nauvoo Temple. Their office was now to guide the monster choruses and Sunday hymns; and like the trumpets of silver made of a whole piece, "for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps," to knoll the people into church. Some of their wind instruments, indeed, were uncommonly full and pure toned, and in that clear dry air could be heard to a great distance. It had the strangest effect in the world to listen to their sweet music winding over the uninhabited country; something in the style of a Moravian death-tune blown at daybreak, but altogether unique. It might be when you were hunting a ford over the Great Platte, the dearest of all wild rivers, perplexed among the far-reaching sand bars and curlew shallows of its shifting bed, the wind rising would bring you the first faint thought of a melody; and, as you listened, borne down upon the gust that swept past you a cloud of the dry sifted sands, you recognised it—perhaps a home-loved theme of Henry Pfloch, or Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, away there in the Indian Marches!—*The Mormons, by T. L. Kane.*

MOLIÈRE.—"When we," continued Goethe, "for our modern purposes, wish to learn how to conduct ourselves upon the theatre, Molière is the man to whom we should apply. Do you know his *Malade Imaginaire*? There is a scene in it which, as often as I read the piece, appears to me the symbol of a perfect knowledge of the boards. I mean the scene where the *Malade Imaginaire* asks his little daughter Louison if there has not been a young man in the chamber of her eldest sister. Now, any other who did not understand his craft so well would have let the little Louison plainly tell the fact at once, and there would have been the end of the matter. But what various motives for delay are introduced by Molière into this examination, for the sake of life and effect. He first makes the little Louison act as if she did not understand her father; then she denies that she knows anything; then, threatened with the rod, she falls down as if dead; then, when her father bursts out in despair, she springs up from her feigned swoon with roguish hilarity, and at last, little by little, she confesses all. My explanation can only give you a very meagre notion of the animation of the scene; but read this scene yourself till you become thoroughly impressed with its theatrical worth, and you will confess that there is more practical construction contained in it than in all the theories in the world. I have known and loved Molière," continued Goethe, "from my youth, and have learned from him during my whole life. I never fail to read some of his plays every year, that I may keep up a constant intercourse with what is excellent. It is not merely the perfectly artistic treatment which delights me; but particularly the amiable nature, the highly-formed mind, of the poet. There is in him

a grace and feeling for the decorous, and a tone of good society, which his innate beautiful nature could only attain by daily intercourse with the most eminent men of his age. Of Menander, I only knew the few fragments; but these gave me so high an idea of him, that I look upon this great Greek as the only man who could be compared to Molière.—*Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe.*

THE MUSICIANS' COMPANY.—It is a fact but little known that the musicians of London possess a charter granted by James the First under the denomination of "The Company of Musicians of Loudon." Their coat of arms is, azure, a swan argent, within a treasure counterflure or, in a chief gules, a rose between two lions or, and the celestial sign Lyra for a crest. The intention of the founder of this company was, that regularly instructed and competent musicians should be enabled to exercise their profession to the exclusion of ignorant charlatans, who at that time existed in great numbers.—*Memoranda of a Musician.*

LULLY.—On performing his grand "Te Deum," on the recovery of Louis XIV., Lully met an accident that brought him to his grave. In beating time with his foot he struck his toes so vehemently that a swelling ensued, and his physician advised him to lose his toe, and presently after his leg. His confessor assured him that if he did not burn the music of his new opera, he could not give him absolution. With reluctance the penitent pointed to a drawer containing some of the airs of his Achilles and Polixena. "There, father," said he, "take and burn them." Lully soon after grew better, and thought himself out of danger. One of the princes of the blood, who was extremely fond of his music, paid him a visit, and reproaching him for burning it, said "My dear friend, how could you be such a fool as to believe an old doting priest, and destroy your new opera?" "My lord," said Lully (whispering to the prince), "I knew what I was about. I have another copy of it." Unfortunately, this pleasantry was followed by a relapse, and poor Lully died afterwards a great penitent.

MUSIC.—It has been justly said, that the aim of music is to awaken feeling. No other art so reveals the sublime emotions of the human soul; no art so depicts the glories of Nature, the delights of contemplation, the character of nations, the whirl of passion, and the cry of suffering. Hope, fear, regret, despair, devotion, enthusiasm, faith, doubt, glory, peace—all these and more, music gives us, and takes away from us again, according to its genius and our capacity. It presents things in an entirely new and original aspect, and without being guilty of the puerilities of mere sound, and the imitation of external noises, it suffers us to perceive, through a dreamy haze which enhances and ennobles them, the exterior objects to which it transports our imagination. Certain anthems will evoke the gigantic phantoms of ancient cathedrals, allow us to penetrate into the secret thoughts of their constructors and of those who, kneeling within their holy precincts, utter their hymns of praise to God. Those who are able to express simply and powerfully the music of different nations, and know how to listen to it as it deserves, need not to make a tour of the world in order to behold different nations, to visit their monuments, to read their books, or to traverse their plains, their mountains, their gardens, and their wildernesses. A Jewish air at once transports us into the synagogue; a pibroch conveys us to the Highlands of Scotland; while all Spain is revealed to us by a melody of that fair land.—*Consuelo, by George Sand.*

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.

MACREADY'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.

King John was revived on Monday, and it was confidently expected that one of the largest audiences of the season would have attended the performance. Three sound reasons conducted to the entertainment of this expectation. First, it has long been universally admitted that *King John* is one of Macready's finest delineations; secondly, it was the first appearance of the great tragedian in the part, in that series of his farewell performances; and as such performances have been confined to a few representations, the restriction would necessarily increase the attraction; and, thirdly (and, as it appeared to us, most strongly), a considerable degree of excitement was anticipated from the speech of *King John*, in the third act, where he repudiates the interference of the Pope in this country, and denounces his authority, as it so immediately touched upon the amphibious matter that so universally and deeply engrosses the attention of idle England at this moment. Strange to say, for a Macready night, the attendance was, perhaps, the most scanty since the commencement of the series of final performances; nor did the *émeute*, so eagerly looked for by some, and so determined to be strenuously upheld by others, rise beyond a common sensation. The first lines of the King—

"What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope."

were listened to with scarcely an interruption; although, one would have supposed, judging from the recent excitement in churches, vestries, poor-houses, and other holy places devoted to morose controversy and purulent fanaticism, that there was fire enough in his majesty's expressions to have excited any amount of public mind, if it were at all combustible, into a satisfactory flame. But such was not the case. Every attempt to originate an honest row was cried down. When the king exclaims—

"Tell him this tale; and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;—"

then, indeed, there arose a good religious burst of execration, such as would have conferred no discredit on Exeter Hall in its psalmist, or, psalmist days of anti-papal malediction and most infuriated apostrophes to religion and damnation; but even this display would have been as the flash in the pan to the gun's explosion had the audience waited to the conclusion of John's sentence, which was partly lost in the vehemence of their vociferations. The roar expired after a brief existence for want of proper management; and, although there was much significance in the concluding words used by the king—

"But as we, under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart,
To him and his usurp'd authority."

These told with little effect. We are compelled, with deep chagrin, to pronounce the expected religious detonation in the Haymarket theatre, as a decided failure. Now, this failure, in no wise, must be attributed to Mr. Macready, who, though *un catholique de naissance*, and an intimate friend of Pius the Ninth, uttered the abnegation and denouncement of the pope

with immense energy. It is to be hoped that a more generous and enthusiastic public will assemble at the Haymarket on Monday night, when *King John* will be repeated, and that they will come to the theatre with a better sense of what is due to their kindly animosities and christian-like rancors. In case the second expected *emeute* at the performance of *King John* should prove a second failure, we would strongly recommend—but let not our recommendation go beyond the authorities—that a *claque*, constituted of the reverend declaimers from Exeter Hall, be employed; and if they do not open their holy throats upon so congenial an occasion, why, then, never say there is purity and forbearance in a cassock. But we prate out of time. *A nos montons.*

The last four performances of Mr. Macready were *Macbeth* (Saturday); *King John* (Monday); *Henry the Fourth*, in the fourth act of *Henry IV.* (Part II.), and Mr. Oakley, in the *Jealous Wife* (Wednesday); and *Virginius* (Thursday).

Mr. Macready has not appeared in *King John*, in London, since 1842-3, when the play was produced at Drury Lane under his own management, in a style of great splendour and completeness, and obtained a considerable run throughout the season. Although a favourite part with Mr. Macready, *King John* is seldom performed than many other characters in which the tragedian is less famous. The reason seems to be that in the representation of *King John* there are great demands made on the scenic and decorative departments, and these are not always available in the best theatres. Such plays as *Henry VIII.*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry V.*, *Coriolanus*, *King John*, &c., depend in no small degree for their success on the manner in which they are got up; and hence, as far as representing them on the stage goes, they are *caviare* to the multitude, unless on some very particular occasions. In fact, without the glitter and display of shows and processions, the historical plays of Shakspeare are not plays for the people.

A trifle more of care and attention appears to have been expended by the management of the Haymarket on the getting up of *King John* than on any other of Shakspeare's plays in which Macready has lately appeared. Nevertheless, there are not hands enough at this theatre to fill up the retainers, soldiers, servants, &c., required in the play, in addition to the numerous characters named in the *dramatis personæ*. All that could be done, however, has been done, under the circumstances. The dresses, in some instances, are new and splendid, and the scenery is appropriate.

Mr. Macready's *King John* is as familiar to the public, in report, if not in actuality, as any other of his delineations. His two great scenes, the one with Hubert, and the death scene, are not surpassed by any thing in any of his performances, if, indeed, they have ever been surpassed at all. His first words to Arthur,

"Cousin, look not sad;
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was,"

were fraught with terrible meaning, and as surely pronounced his doom as though he uttered the dread sentence in place of affecting words of kindness. The simulation of tenderness was such as a fiend might put on in the presence of an angel, and the gentle patting of the head was as the placidity of the tiger when the prey was in his grasp. Simple as the words were, they were sufficient to make the blood run cold.

It would be curious and interesting to enquire why Macready treats this scene in *King John*, and the parallel scene in *Macbeth*,—where Banquo and Fleance, just before the murder of the former, are leaving the castle, and Macbeth goes to Fleance, and patting his head, enquires if he accompanies his

father on his ride—with such marked distinction. In both cases the murder of a boy is contemplated, and a tone of tenderness is assumed; but in *Macbeth* we have no sinister meaning in the putting on of a tone of voice, or of an action denoting fondness. That the actor views both scenes with different eyes there can be no doubt—the effect produced in one instance is as nil; in the other, most terrible.

The whole scene with Hubert is a master-piece, and falls nothing short of the terrible sublime. There is something absolutely demoniac in the beckoning of Hubert; and the fawning, hesitation, pretended friendship, and affected reliance, are all assumed with wonderful artifice. But Hubert has his pretences too: he must not understand the King before he speaks more plainly. John still hesitates—he looks from Arthur to Hubert—from Hubert to Arthur—but still he reads no murder in the eyes of his follower. Shall he speak out—not yet—he must probe him deeper. Then comes the tremendous speech:—

"But let it go;
The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or, if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, Laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;)
Or, if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ear, and reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone;
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah! I will not."

In this speech Macready scarce lifted his voice above a whisper; but so deep, sepulchral, and full of meaning was each word that it penetrated the ears more than if it were winged with thunder.

It is difficult to represent the agonies of death superinduced by poison, retaining, at the same time, a high poetical colouring; the difficulty has been surmounted by Macready in *King John*. The terrible throes of life contending with death, in the last scene, are exhibited with great power and fidelity; but the high tone given to the scene by the poet is never once overstept. What a frightful picture does not this last scene present of ambition foiled, usurpation taken in its own snares, power and royalty set at nought, conscience stricken, and life itself made the whip and scourge to lash vice and iniquity into madness! It is, indeed, in Macready's performance, almost too real to be disengaged entirely from instincts that lead to unpleasurable emotions. While conceding our faith to the prodigious art of the actor, we cannot but wish ourselves removed from the scene.

We cannot close our notice of *King John* without doing justice to Mr. Cooper and Mr. Davenport, who, in their respective characters of Hubert and Falconbridge, acquitted themselves most creditably. Young Master Caulfield, who personated Arthur, is a promising boy. He has talent, which may be made something of, if his parents prevent him from becoming one of a very numerous set called "prodigies." Constance is above Mrs. Warner; it has too much flesh and blood in it for this very clever actress in her own immediate line.

On Wednesday, Mr. Macready appeared in the fourth act of the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, with the famous speech, "How many thousands of my poorest subjects," introduced from the First Part of the same play. The performance was powerful and highly impressive, and exhibited the actor under a calmer and more dignified phase than that in which he is wont to be shown. This was followed by the comedy of *The Jealous Wife*, Mr. Oakley being played by Mr. Macready. The fact that the tragedian had consented to appear in comedy was rejoiced at by a large section of the play-going public, and a very full attendance was the result. We have rarely witnessed a comedy, the performance of which went off with such unflagging spirit from beginning to end. The play itself is but a poor specimen of comic writing, but the principal actors have a field on which to display their powers and talents; and, therefore, we find *The Jealous Wife* has been a stock piece for many years, and the character of Mr. Oakley a sort of step-ladder by which the tragic actor dismounts from his empyrean throne, and for awhile mingles with the world of realities. Mr. Macready's comedy astonished every body who had not seen it before. His performance of Mr. Oakley was admirable throughout, and was received with the heartiest bursts of applause, and unceasing laughter. The scene with Miss Russet was acted to absolute perfection. Never did unfortunate man seem more perplexed and bewildered; anxiety and dismay was evident in every limb and feature—nay, in the chair on which he sat—and the whole scene was unsurpassed for brilliancy of acting and truthfulness combined.

Mrs. Warner played Mrs. Oakley exceedingly well, and came in for her due share of applause.

At the fall of the curtain there was a loud call for Macready, who appeared leading Mrs. Warner, when the whole house came down with an enthusiastic burst of approbation. So signal was the success of the *Jealous Wife*, that it has been announced for repetition on Wednesday next, preceded by the single act of *Henry IV., Second Part*.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY ANDREW PARK.

O the merry, merry Christmas time!
Welcomed by the belfry's chime;
When we leave our school in glee,
Happy as the bird or bee!
Friends at home receive us there
With a fond and jocund air;
Those beside us smiling gay
As the lovely flowers in May!
Then we raise the mistletoe,
And dance in rampant mirth below;
Then the twelfth-cake circles round,
While joy and happiness abound!
O the merry, merry Christmas time!
Welcome by the belfry's chime;
O the merry, merry Christmas time,
Welcome by the belfry's chime,
The belfry's chime, the belfry's chime!
The belfry's chime!

Dec. 8, 1850.

Mr. G. A. OSBORNE, the pianist and composer, is now in town for the season.

PROVINCIAL TOURNEE.—Mlle. Angri, Herr Ernst, Signor Tamburini, *&c.*, and M. Stockhausen, are engaged by Mr. Beale for a six weeks' tour in the provinces, to begin the last week in January, and end the first week in March. Such an unusually strong combination of talent can hardly fail to prove successful.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA.

The season closes on Saturday, this evening, with a favourite opera, being the longest uninterrupted run of operas on record, in Manchester—eleven weeks!—Mirabile dictu! How the profit and loss account stands, we cannot say, but should imagine the houses have been pretty good on the whole. As cheapness is so much the order of the day, and as Mr. Knowles himself adopted the cheap system in his shilling pit and sixpenny galleries, why not have carried it out, and had his eighteen penny upper circle and two shilling lower circle, with three shilling reserved seats, as before? We are satisfied that he shut out hundreds altogether who would have gone many times during the season; there are many highly respectable families who do not like to go to the pit or the upper circle either, who do not like the trouble or expense of full dress, to occur often, yet who would go again and again to the lower circle to hear a favourite opera, provided bonnets were allowed and the price were two shillings—and find it quite enough, too, when multiplied by five or six of a party, several times in a season. But enough of this. The season is over, and we merely allude to it, and shew that in our opinion and that of numerous others, Mr. Knowles might nightly have had many pounds additional in lieu of a nearly empty double tier of circles. We understand the low system is to be carried out, as we have above stated it, after Christmas, when the theatre re-opens, on the 26th, with a new pantomime. *Masaniello* was the last opera produced, and it has been played nightly all the week. We were present on Tuesday evening, when there was a moderate house. Pit crowded, as it nearly always is at a shilling, in spite of the Wizard of the North at the Free Trade Hall, next door; gallery middling, and circles very indifferent. The opera, like all the rest given this season was very well put on the stage. Mr. Harris is truly invaluable, the way he manages his supernumeraries, chorus and coryphees, is beyond all praise; in *Masaniello* he has ample scope for his peculiar talents; the grouping of the fishermen in the earlier scenes, the well known market scene, with all the tumultuous ones which succeed it, were all done to perfection; the dancing, too, was excellent,—Mr. Harris footing it himself, as nimble as the nimblest in the tarantella. Miss Annie Payne made a very excellent Fenella, her pantomime was so true and expressive. *Masaniello* is one of the best parts Mr. Travers has filled; he sang the music exceedingly well; the barcarole was encored, as was also the duet with Pietro; the introduced air of "My sister, dear," does not suit Mr. Travers' style of singing, or he used too much force and power in it; there was scarcely a hand lifted when he finished; on the other hand, he gave the "Sleep song" whilst Fenella is slumbering with feeling, yet subdued tones—quite in keeping with the words. Mr. Borranj scarcely realised Pietro to our mind; he did not look villain enough; he sang his part very respectably; indeed, the duet alluded to (which was most justly encored) between him and Travers, is about one of the best things we have heard him do; his barcarole was not so good, it wanted life and animation. Miss R. Isaac had a part not at all cut out for her as Elvira; indeed, both her part and Mr. Hime's, as Alphonso, are more the walking lady and gentleman of the opera than of any vivid interest musically or dramatically. The part of Elvira is too high also for Miss Isaac's voice, so that she appeared to as little advantage in this perhaps as any of the series of operas given, notwithstanding she did all she had to do well, and dressed the part most charmingly. We cannot say quite so much for Mr. Hime, although his vocalization was good. The chorus generally were good. We have heard a finer effect produced in the Nuptial chorus; the barcarole refrain was good; so was the hymn or prayer before the revolt. It was very fine; indeed, we never heard it better sung. The market chorus lost something by the excessive bustle of the scene; the characteristic and salient points of the different market cries, so ingeniously and harmoniously blended together, were all confused, and did not tell as we have heard them. The most telling piece of music in the opera was the one not usually given in the English version (we

have already twice alluded to) was the duet betwixt Pietro and Masaniello. "We strike for glorious liberty;" it is very dramatic, and most cleverly introduced. The four principals were recalled at the close of the opera. On the whole, we have been much gratified with this reproduction of an opera we first saw some twenty years ago (and have not seen for sixteen or more). We should have been glad to have seen a better house on the occasion. Jullien—the great, the matchless Jullien—is coming to Manchester for a series of seventeen nights, to begin on Monday, the 23rd instant, and conclude on Saturday, the 11th of January, bringing with him his French drummers and their tambour major, to swell out his renowned band; Jetty Treffz, as vocalist, and the thrice-renowned Vivier as solo horn. No doubt but he will reap an ample harvest here during the three weeks Christmas holidays.

BATH.

ALBERT SMITH AT BATH.

(From the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.)

Mr. Albert Smith gave on Saturday last, at the Assembly-rooms, his new entertainment, entitled "The Overland Mail," and which is of this wise. After a brief introductory description of the route of the bi-monthly Indian mail, Mr. Smith supposes the auditory to be travellers on the homeward-bound journey, who have arrived at Suez, which he makes the point of departure, and a view of which is the first of a series of beautifully-painted illustrations of some of the principal features of the route. Dropping then the guide-book style of description, Mr. Smith at once plunges into the realities of a journey, and by the relation of a succession of droll incidents of travel, makes you a sort of gossiping companion from Suez to Marseilles. Some of his physiological descriptions are a little instructive as well as amusing. For example, he disabuses you of the childhood-indoctrinated notion that there is between the dromedary and the camel the characteristic difference of one hump and two; that the camel has but one, and the dromedary two—or *vice versa*, we don't know which, nor is it worth while to inquire, as neither is true in fact; both the camel and the dromedary, Mr. Smith tells us, are furnished with only a single hump a-piece, and the distinction between them is, that the one is a beast of burden, the other of speed,—that in short there is about the same difference between a camel and a dromedary as between a dray-horse and a racer. He further tells us that he was tempted to perform a portion of the journey through the desert on the back of one of these animals, and the agreeable nature of that mode of travelling, to a novice in the art of camel-riding, may be gathered from Mr. Smith's recipe for forming an idea of the nature of the motion. First, he says, get a music stool, and unscrew the top as far as it will come, then place it in a cart without springs, and having seated yourself on the loosened top of the music stool, let the cart be driven "the wrong way across" a ploughed field, and you will have some notion of what riding a camel means. Another "vulgar error" of which Mr. Smith's experience disabused his mind, was as to the supposed flatness of the desert, the "level waste of sand;" this he discovered to be quite a popular delusion, the surface of the desert being in reality billowed and undulated to a very great extent, large valleys of sand being varied by huge ridges where the bare rock elevates itself above the surface, like the gaunt bones of some great animal shewing themselves through the thin coating of sand by which they were partially covered. The annoyance caused by the inveterate performances of an Arab musician opposite the windows of the English hotel at Cairo, and whose instruments, a drum and a pipe, Mr. Smith purchases, in hopes of "getting rid of the band by buying up the whole orchestra,"—serves as an occasion for introducing a specimen of primitive Arab music, performed on the identical drum and pipe; while the musical peculiarities of a fellow-traveller, "undecided Mr. Parker," enable Mr. Smith to exhibit a specimen of his powers as a performer on the cornet-a-pistons. But perhaps the drollest part of the whole story is that connected with the purchase, by the tourists to the Pyramids, of the little clay images raked up by the wandering Arabs from among the ruins of Thebes; these, of course, form very pretty and characteristic mementos of a visit to Egypt and a clamber up the great pyramid of Cheops; but the sentiment of the *souvenir* is somewhat destroyed when we are informed, upon what Mr. Smith

cites as reliable authority, that not Thebes but Staffordshire is the birthplace of the little deities so eagerly purchased; that, in fact, annually thousands of these grotesque clay images are sent from our potteries to Egypt, to be vended to credulous travellers of deep reading and easy faith. Another "dodge" connected with the rail-route, and we must leave Mr. Albert Smith to finish his entertainment without our instrumentality. The steamer on her arrival at Malta performs quarantine, and this is made the occasion, by certain knowing Maltese "licensed hawkers," for a little swindle to the following tune. Communication between the vessel and the shore is of course carried on with certain restrictions; but there are many pretty fabrics, of delicate manufacture, in laces, handkerchiefs, and the like, made by the Maltese, which are eminently adapted for little presents and *souvenirs*. A pedler with a quantity of these for sale comes up to a lady traveller, speaks in very intelligible English of the excellence of his wares, and, lady-like, our traveller turns them over one by one to see if any among the number suits her fancy. This is all the Maltese requires; and when the lady wishes to know the price of any particular article, he says he only knows that she must purchase the whole lot, for "he begs her pardon, but she's in quarantine, has compromised all the articles by touching them, and he dares not take them on shore again." From this there is of course no appeal, and as there happens to be no scruple as to taking money from the hands of the unhappy individuals who are doing *pratique*, the Maltese merchant makes a good market of the unwary. There are a thousand and one other little incidents and comicalities, didactic and entertaining, scattered through a monologue of some two-and-a-half hours' duration, into which, from the exceeding volubility of his speech, Mr. Smith crams as much as would be said by any other man we know in twice the time. Of the pictorial illustrations we have already spoken; they are beautiful specimens of art, and are either taken from sketches made upon the spot, or what is still better, from the photographs of a daguerreotype; besides these, there were illustrative songs by Mr. Smith—who apologises by the way for "a voice of no great compass, and not sweet," which he accompanied himself on the pianoforte,—but both the singing and the playing were in complete subservience to the rest of the entertainment. It may, perhaps, be the means of mending a fault, and enhancing the pleasure of any future repetition of Mr. Smith's professional efforts, if we say that the excessive fluency of his language was rather a disadvantage to the auditory, as in so large a room it rendered the effort to catch his meaning almost a painful one, the auditory nerve being kept up to a tension that became somewhat disagreeable, while towards the back of the room considerable portions of the entertainment were utterly unintelligible.

PETERBOROUGH.

(From a Correspondent.)

The first concert of the season, given by Mr. Ellis, took place on Monday evening week, at the Corn Exchange, and was well and fashionably attended. The *artistes* were Misses Witham and Atkinson, of the Yorkshire Concerts, Mr. Machin, of Cambridge, and Mr. Ellis, lay clerk of this cathedral. Mr. Speechly, organist of the cathedral, presided at the pianoforte. The programme, though perhaps too long, was, in other respects, well arranged. It included the compositions of several popular composers. The first part of the concert opened with "Lift thine eyes," from the *Elijah*, which was charmingly rendered by Misses Witham and Atkinson, and Mr. Ellis. The compass and execution of Miss Witham's voice was shown to advantage in the air "Rejoice greatly," from the *Messiah*, which was loudly encored; and the clear, full voice of Miss Atkinson told with a sensible effect on the audience in "He was despised," from the same oratorio. A quartet, selected from the Gresham Prize Anthem for 1845, "My soul truly waiteth," was well received. The second part, which was secular, opened with the glee; "Hail, memory," a favourite prize glee, composed for four voices by J. Battye, of Huddersfield. "The Captive Greek Girl," sung by Miss Witham, was encored, as was also Miss Atkinson's "Why do I weep for thee," by Wallace. The song, "My soul's delight and treasure," sung by Miss Atkinson, gave much satisfaction, as did also the duets, "A. B. C.," and

"When thy bosom heaves a sigh," by Miss Witham and Mr. Ellis; the former of these two duets eliciting a decided encore. Mr. Machin, being encoined in "Philip the Falconer," gave, as a substitute, "Women, the beauty of our native land," in which he was well received. In the glee department, in addition to "Hail, memory," which was worthy its place in the programme, "The Breath of the Brier," by Whitaker, was much applauded. On the whole, the concert gave much satisfaction. Owing to the youthfulness of the two female *artistes*, the best anticipations may be formed of them.

HOW CHARLES KEAN BECAME AN ACTOR.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

THE name of Kean has a "stirring sound" in association with the annals of the stage. The brilliant career of Edmund Kean, the father, dazzling and eccentric as that of a comet, with its melancholy close, is still vivid in the remembrance of his contemporaries, and by them as vividly conveyed to the present generation. Charles Kean, the son, and subject to the present memoir has, while yet within the meridian of life, placed himself at the head of a profession for which he was neither trained nor intended, realized a competent independence by his own exertions, and won an honourable estimation in the eyes of all who were acquainted with him. It is not given to many to achieve these multiplied advantages; nor have they been gained in the present instance without trial, privation, and vicissitude. Scenes of exciting interest have been passed through, and many difficulties encountered. A slight detail of these events can scarcely fail to amuse the careless and instruct the reflecting reader.

Charles John Kean is an Irishman. He was born at Waterford, on the 18th of January, 1811. His father at the time formed one of the company attached to the theatre in that city. His mother, Mary Chambers, was also a native of Waterford, descended from the highly respectable family of Cuffe, long settled in that county. Miss Chambers, with a sister, had, from family embarrassments, been induced to attempt the stage as a means of livelihood, and first became an actress with Edmund Kean, while performing in the Cheltenham Theatre, under the management of Mr. Beverley. They were married at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, in 1808, he being under twenty, and several years junior to his wife. They had another and elder son, named Howard, born at Swansea, for whom Charles has sometimes been mistaken. He died of water on the brain, at Dorchester, in February, 1814, a short time before his father appeared at Drury Lane, not having completed his fifth year; but even at that early age remarkable for his beauty, and promise of theatrical talent, having performed occasionally with his father in infantine characters.

When Charles Kean was born, and for a considerable time after, the fortunes of his parents were at the lowest possible ebb; they had barely a subsistence for the present, and were almost hopeless of the future. His father, toiling with the endless drudgery of an itinerant life, acted every night in play, interlude, and farce—not unfrequently Richard III. and harlequin the same evening; and during the day endeavoured to eke out a scanty and doubtful salary of some five-and-twenty shillings a-week, by giving lessons in boxing, fencing, dancing, and riding. Prejudice has sometimes designated the stage as an "idle avocation." Those who think so would do well to try it experimentally for a short period, and thus test the accuracy of their opinion by the soundest of all applications.

At this time none saw in Edmund Kean, the undisguised and somewhat insignificant country actor—the future prop of Drury Lane—the magnet of attraction—the star before whose brightness all rival influences were to become pale. The genius was unquestionably there, but the opportunity had not yet arrived. It came at last. In 1814, Kean obtained the long-sought-for opening in London, and the family entered the metropolis in the most legitimate of Thespian conveyances—a waggon!

Now the scene changed rapidly and effectually. Success, that potent wand of the enchanter, at once established the great tragedian on the pinnacle of fame and the high road to opulence. "Now, Mary," said he to his wife, "you shall ride in your own carriage." The doors of the rich and influential were thrown open to him;

he might have chosen his own society; his praise filled the columns of the daily papers, and his attraction replenished the long-exhausted treasury of the theatre. It was, in fact, a realised dream—

"And all went happy as a marriage-bell."

Charles Kean, in due course of time, was sent to school, preparatory for Eton College. His father resolved to give him a good education, an advantage he had never possessed himself. He was placed under the charge of the Rev. E. Polehampton, first at Worplesdon, in Surrey, and afterwards at Greenford, near Harrow. At this seminary he remained several years; the number of scholars was limited, and they were principally composed of noblemen's sons. In June, 1824, he entered Eton as an "Oppidan," his father fixing his allowance, for board and education, at £300 per annum. His tutor was the Rev. Mr. Chapman, since Bishop of Ceylon; Dr. Goodall, Provost; and Dr. Keate, Head Master. He remained at Eton three years, being placed as high as the rules of the institution having reference to age would allow. When taken away, he was in the upper division, and had obtained much credit by his verses. Boating and cricket are the two great amusements of the Etonians in summer: and Charles Kean became so expert a leader in aquatics, that he was chosen second captain in "Long Boats," as they are called—no insignificant honour in Etonian eyes. Under the tuition of the celebrated Angelo, he also won distinction as an accomplished fencer—a valuable acquirement in the profession he was destined to pursue.

Up to this period, everything appeared happy and prosperous in the family. Charles was repeatedly assured by both his parents that he would inherit an ample fortune, and be placed in a distinguished profession. His mother preferred the church, his father the navy; but his own predilection was decidedly for a military career. There can be no doubt whatever that Edmund Kean might have maintained his family in all the elegancies of life, and left behind him a sum amounting to £50,000. Since the days of Garrick, no actor received as much money in so short a space of time. But clouds had long been darkening, and a crisis was at hand. Habits of irregularity and reckless extravagance had settled upon him. Ill-chosen associates estranged him from his wife and son; he had still a few anxious friends, who stepped in, and endeavoured to arrest his downward course, but a legion of evil counsellors hemmed him round, and the warning voice passed him unheeded. He was falling from his high position—his popularity began to decline—his physical powers were sinking under premature decay, and his finances were exhausted.

Charles, who for some time suspected the total derangement of his father's affairs, was startled into conviction by a pressing letter from his mother, received during his last half-year at Eton, in the early part of 1827, entreating him to come to her immediately. He obtained permission to absent himself for a few days, and hastened to London. He found her suffering in the most intense anxiety. She wept in his arms, and implored him not to leave her. It appeared that Mr. Calcraft, a member of parliament, and one of the most influential of the Drury Lane Committee of that day, had offered to procure him a cadetship in the East India Company's service. His father thought the offer too eligible to be declined; and, in giving notice that he intended to accept of it, ordered his son to make instant preparation for his departure. Mrs. Kean had been entirely separated from her husband for two or three years; she was reduced to a broken, pitiable state of health—nearly bed-ridden—helpless as an infant, and without a single relative to whom she could look to for succour or consolation. Weighing these circumstances well, Charles Kean formed his determination, and sought an interview with his father, to bring matters to a final conclusion.

Edmund Kean was then precariously situated. His realised capital was gone, and he was living from day to day on the uncertain earnings which might cease altogether with increasing infirmities. He told his son that he must accept the offer of the cadetship; that he would provide his Indian outfit; and, this being done, that he must depend entirely on his own exertions, and never apply to him for any future support or assistance. Charles replied that he was perfectly contented, and willing to embrace these conditions, provided something like an adequate allowance was secured to his mother. Finding that his father no longer had

it in his power to promise this with any degree of certainty, he respectfully, but firmly, told him that he would not leave England while his mother lived, and declined, with thanks, the kind proposal of Mr. Calcraft. This answer excited the anger of the elder Kean to the highest pitch; he gave way to the most intemperate passion, and a painful scene ensued.

"What will you do," said he, "when I discard you, and you are thrown entirely on your own resources?"

"In that case," replied the son, "I shall be compelled to go on the stage; (the father smiled in derision) and though I may never be a great actor, I shall at least obtain a livelihood for my mother and myself, and be obliged to no one."

The father stormed; the son endured a torrent of vituperation without losing his temper, or forgetting the respect due to a parent; they parted, and from that hour all intercourse between them was suspended. In the following July, when the Eton vacation came on, he was informed that his accounts were paid up, his allowance stopped, and he was not to return. A short time before this a young nobleman, one of his intimate associates, with whom he had first become acquainted at the preparatory school, seeing him unusually dejected, inquired into the cause. Kean, in the fulness of his heart, told him the result of his interview with his father, and that in all probability he should be driven to adopt the stage as a profession. "I quite approve of your resolution," said his aristocratic friend, "and commend you warmly for it; but recollect this, if you do so, from that hour you and I must be strangers, as I never did, and never will speak to or acknowledge an actor." About a year or so afterwards, when Charles Kean was acting at Leamington, the noble earl finding himself in the same hotel, moved off instantly, bag and baggage, to avoid the unhallowed propinquity; thus at least carrying out the consistency of his prejudice, without regard to his personal convenience.

Very fortunately Charles Kean had contracted no private debts, a rare occurrence in an Etonian. He made his way to London, and hastily made his way to his mother's lodgings. He found her in sickness, in sorrow, and in poverty. A small yearly income, hitherto allowed her by her husband, had been entirely withdrawn. A more forlorn condition can scarcely be imagined.

Precisely at this juncture, a misunderstanding arose between Edmund Kean and Mr. Stephen Price, the well-known American lessee of the Drury-lane Theatre, and for the first time the great tragedian left his old theatrical home, the scene of his early triumphs, to engage with Mr. Charles Kemble at Covent-garden. Mr. Price having heard how the son was situated, and thinking the name of Kean a powerful talisman, immediately made him an offer of engagement at Drury-lane for three years, with a salary of £10 a-week, to be increased to £11 and £12 during the second and third years, in case of success. The heart of the young man bounded with hope, and the offer was gratefully accepted. He stipulated, however, that he must first write to his father, who was then absent from London, and make him acquainted with the circumstance. Price approved of this, received the letter, and undertook to forward it; but no answer was returned, and there is reason to believe the letter never reached the hands for which it was intended.

Thus Charles Kean became an actor.

SIVORI.—This eminent violinist is at present at Trieste. He will be in London at the end of March.

CHELTEMHAM.—(From a correspondent.)—During the last week, Mr. Albert Smith made his bow before a Cheltenham audience, and with what success need hardly be told, for, go where he will, like his friend John Parry, crowds of admirers follow him, eager to see and hear the famous Albert, who has so frequently delighted them with his right, but truthful, pleasant, and witty writings about everybody and everything. We need only say that the fashionable audiences, for these two entertainments, left the room regretting that they had only had so short a time to laugh at and listen to such an amusing, entertaining, and instructive a gentleman as Mr. Albert Smith proved himself to be. Messrs. Hall and Son have announced Mr. Henry Phillips to give his new entertainment this week, and have also announced an engagement with the charming and popular actress, Madame Anna Thillon, who, with Mr. Hudson, will give their new entertainment here shortly.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SACRED MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

DEAR SIR,—If you agree with me in thinking the following eloquent extract from a sermon "On the power and sublimity of sacred music," which was preached in the parish church prior to the late Festival, is worthy of preservation, pray give it a place in your pages. The author, Dr. Thompson, our vicar, is, I have great pleasure in stating, not only fond of music, but takes great interest, as every clergyman ought, in the "divine art," and is anxious that the musical portion of the service at church should be as efficiently performed as the limited resources of a small parish will enable us to accomplish. In the Sunday evening's service, we have the anthem in the proper place, after the 3rd Collect, so that no objection can be raised as to the anthem superseding the Psalm before the sermon.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

Kington, Dec. 11, 1850.

W. M. RIDLEY.

"Far be it from me to assert, that singing accompanied by the melodious peal of the organ should be the grand cause of attraction to the house of prayer: still we must not draw a veil over the fact, that the custom does in a wonderful degree promote the cause of true religion, and that hundreds have been induced to attend divine worship in the first instance for the sake of hearing the melody unto God: and how many who came to gratify that peculiar passion have been moved by those thrilling notes to the knowledge of that God, to the praise and glory of whom they were sounded! We have heard, indeed, remarkable instances of the impression produced by the very burst of that sublime instrument, which has been so properly selected for the church. Tears have been seen to roll down many a face under the excitement caused by the deep majestic tones: others have been so acted upon, as instantly to fall down upon their knees to the Deity in adoration. Who among us has never felt in our cathedrals the peal of the organ thrill the very soul, summoning up all the holy passions, moving the dormant man to piety, and warming with a pure glow the previously cold and torpid temperament? Who that has stood on the hallowed marble, or within the venerable shrines, or beneath the ancient domes of our cathedrals, has not perceived, as it were, from earth, and impelled through very sympathy to devotion, as the influence of the sacred tones pervaded his soul and wafted all his energies on high? And where those sounds have been mellowed by the human voice in unison, proclaiming the Creator's praise, may we not indeed say, that this verily is the house of God—this is the gate of heaven? Do we not then, with angels and archangels and the whole company of heaven, laud and magnify God's glorious name, when we in our melody ascribe majesty, adoration, and power to Him that sitteth on the throne, and the Lamb for ever and ever? For the powers of music have attained only unto perfection when their notes have been sounded to the praise and glory of God; and the genius and talent of the poet have never been so well directed, and their productions have never been more pleasing to the Almighty than when devoted to religion."

OPERA MATTER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have lately met with a most pleasant little trifle on opera matters, of the year 1892. I recommend it, even if worth nothing, beyond its being a memento of the past, and as a memorandum of a year and period singularly rich in operatic power. It is well entitled "A Poetical Illustration of the Principal Performers on the Stage and in the Orchestra during the late season."

Pasta, Malibran, Rubini, Tamburini, Cinti, Paganini, Veluti, &c., are brought out in their several "specialities." The allusions to the latter are not in the best taste, certainly; but the orchestra in those times were not to be sneezed at, (Messieurs Costa and Balfe) for we are told that,—

Ne'er was orchestra better mann'd—
Lo! what a leader "of the band"
We have in Spagnoletti! never
(Who can deny it?) one more clever,

More true to time—more fit than he,
Presided over harmony.
Next to this leading chief of glory,
Though living still—"Memento Mori!"
Of execution great—his finger
Was never known too long to linger."

Lindley and Dragonetti come in for no small share of the poet's praise; but the following will raise a smile on the intellectual features of an Ernst, a Sivori, a Sainton, a Molique, a Blagrove, and even the season-ic Spohr!

"So much for them—they all excel—
All fiddle admirably well!
'Tis only in the different size
Of instrument, the difference lies;
For be it kit or double bass,
They both are of the feline race!
All this superior music springs
From Puss—in form of fiddle-strings;
And all these charming sounds, of course,
Have the same intestinal source!
Oh, Puss! if thine the magic power,
To chase and cheer the lingering hour
By the ventriloquizing merit
Thou dost from Tom, thy sire, inherit;
From every musical vignette
That e'er was sketch'd or painted yet,
I would remove Apollo's head,
And place thy whisker'd face instead!"

In this season of "inertia," the above will be an addition, no doubt. May I be permitted to express the very great gratification I receive in common with many others, at the description of such concerts as those given by Mr. Charles Hallé, at Manchester. Surely the Classical Chamber Concerts of a Sterudale Bennet, a Billet, a Holmes, and many others, if disposed to give them, would be well supported.—I am, Sir, yours most obediently, W. A.

MR. CHARLES LUDERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—May I request the favour of you to inform me, in your next publication, where I can procure "La Bohémienne," a beautiful "ballade espagnolle," by Charles Luders; also, by the same author, the song "Marguerite."

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

December 18, 1850.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Perhaps some of our readers would inform correspondent of the whereabouts of the "beautiful compositions" of Mr. Charles Luders. We are sorry to say we know nothing of the gentleman or his "beautiful compositions."—Ed.]

REVIEWS.

A Treatise upon the Mechanism and General Principles of the Flute.
By J. CLINTON.

So many new kinds of flutes are daily brought before the public, that purchasers of that instrument must find it very difficult to make their choice. A work like that now before us is, in consequence, of great utility. The nature and general principles of the various kinds of flutes, and the theory of their construction, are clearly pointed out, so that the readers of this treatise can form their own judgment upon the respective merits of each. The author, Mr. J. Clinton, has been long known to the public as one of our best performers, and as a fluent writer for the flute; indeed, the list of his published arrangements and compositions for that instrument appended, to the treatise, is inexhaustible.

Mr. Clinton's opinions upon this instrument are therefore entitled to respect; he has studied the mechanism of every new flute as it appeared, and is qualified for the task he

has undertaken. We are pleased with the style in which the treatise is written, for though it advocates the superiority of a flute of Mr. Clinton's invention, it is free from illiberal allusions.

Mr. Clinton says that his flute possesses the advantages of modern improvements without any departure from the old fingering, a circumstance that renders it useful to those who have studied the old flute, and are not disposed to begin again "at the beginning." Mr. Clinton's description of what a flute ought to be is rational, and he gives reasons for his system of construction. In conclusion, we wish Mr. Clinton success his industry deserves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. John Parry, on Thursday evening, attracted a large audience at the Royal Assembly Rooms, in Great George Street, with his new entertainment, called "Notes, Vocal and Instrumental."

EXETER.—(From a correspondent.)—A concert, which was extremely well attended, was given at the Royal Subscription Rooms, on Monday, the 2nd instant, for the purpose of subjecting Master Randle, the infant violinist, a second time to a public ordeal, previously to his being brought more prominently before the musical world. The performances of Master Randle, for a boy, were really surprising; for, not only did he perform the difficult compositions of De Beriot, Meyerbeer, and Blagrove correctly, as written, but with a poetic feeling, graceful bowing, and rapidity of execution seldom equalled by any juvenile performer. His ascending and descending chromatic runs were executed with delicate precision. The enthusiastic applause which he received was not partial, but universal; in fact, so delighted were the audience, that the applause frequently commenced before each variation was fairly concluded, so impatient did they seem to give vent to their feelings. By unanimous consent of his audience here he has fairly taken his stand among the precocious wonders of the present day. [It is much to be deplored, for individual wonder's sake, that so many infant precocities have started up lately. They are now as thick as blackberries, and will soon be as common. It were much better, we fancy, if boys and girls would preserve their talents until they arrived at an age when they might be made available.—Ed. M. W.]

ANECDOTE OF CATHERINE HAYES.—An incident, somewhat romantic in its character, formed the first introduction of Catherine Hayes to the late Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox. Near to the See House, then situate in Henry-street, is the town mansion of the Earl of Limerick, in whose family an aged female relative of Miss Hayes resided. The gardens attached to these houses stretch in parallel lines to the banks of the Shannon, and were remarkable for their picturesque beauty. A woodbine covered arbour, near the river's brink, was a favourite resort of Catherine Hayes, then a young and delicate child—timid, gentle, and reserved, shrinking from the sportive companionship of her playmates; her chief apparent source of pleasure being to sit alone, half hidden among the leaves, and warble Irish ballad after ballad, the air and words of which she appeared to have caught up and retained with a species of intuitive facility. One evening, while thus delightfully occupied, "herself forgetting," and never dreaming but that she was "by the world forgot," some pleasure parties on the river were attracted by the clear silvery tones of her voice, and the correct taste she even then displayed. Boat after boat silently dropt down the stream, pausing in the shadow of the trees, whence, as from the cage of a singing bird, came the warblings that attracted them. Not a whisper announced to the unconscious child the audience she was delighting, till, at the conclusion of the last air, "The Lass o' Gowrie," the unseen vocalist finished the ballad, dwelling on the passage, "And now she's Lady Gowrie," with that prolonged and thrilling shake which owes nothing to all the after-cultivation her voice received—and which, in years to come, was to cause the critical and fastidious pit occupants of the grand opera to "rise at her," and to forget, in the passionate fervour of their enthusiasm

the cold formalities of etiquette. Then from her unseen auditory arose a rapturous shout of applause—the first intimation the blushing and half-frightened vocalist received that her “native wood notes wild” had attracted a numerous and admiring audience. The Right Reverend Edmund Knox was one of those unseen listeners; and his correct taste and refined discrimination at once discerned the germ of that talent, the matured growth of which has so happily proved the soundness of his judgment. That evening, the open air practice terminated; and the timid girl, who knew not the glorious natural gift she possessed, found herself suddenly a musical wonder, and heard, with a kind of incredulous delight, confident anticipations of her future celebrity pronounced. She was immediately invited to the See House, where the kindest encouragement overcame her timidity; and she soon became the “star” of a series of musical reunions, given chiefly for her instruction by her kind patron. These concerts were under the direction of the Messrs. Rogers, musicians of great promise, one of whom is now an organist to the Cathedral, Limerick. Singing to their accompaniment, amid a circle predisposed to receive her with favour, Catherine Hayes “came out,” her rapid onward progress being soon manifest to all.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

WALTER SCOTT'S original Waverley manuscript has recently been added to the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

MDLLE. FRANZISCA RUMMEL, the vocalist, has arrived in town.

MDLLE. GRAUMANN, who made so favourable an impression last season, has arrived in London, after a most successful tour in Germany.

JENNY LIND, says the *Manchester Courier*, was 30 years of age on the 6th October.

HODGKINSON, THE AMERICAN ACTOR.—SHOOTING AND CRITICISM.—In one respect his pleasures were harmless enough; he was passionately fond of shooting, and in a country without game-laws, and where his pursuits had so much leisure, it will be readily supposed, that such a taste was not limited. In connection with its indulgence, a story was related of him, which, as a piece of illustration, I may as well give to my reader. One of his crowd of admirers had written him a play, the chief character of which was a sort of crocodile backbone to a narrow frame of five acts. Perceiving that its study would interrupt his enjoyments, he wished at once to decline it; but the author entreating a re-perusal he put the manuscript in his pocket, as he was about setting off on one of his shooting excursions. Arrived on the ground, he found that he had forgotten the important item of wadding, nor had his pockets a substitute of any description, except in the thrice-sacred form of the tragedy. Never was sportsman so cruelly baffled; the day was fine—the gun true, and his dog among the birds, was proving himself the very pink of an agitator. What was to be done? Was he to go home or sit down—exchange the gun for the play, and in the spirit of Damon, give himself up for the good of his friend. He drew out the work and began its perusal, though with much the same fervour as for a volume of ethics. The first scene was in a cavern—enter Antonio and a conspirator; then, turning over the leaves, never was he so forcibly struck by their number—“Six pages in a cavern—what can they possibly require all that for?—dreadfully tedious.” Impressed with this truth, his dog at this moment put up his tenth covey; his eye glanced at the sport, then returned to the book; a devil was at his heart—what magnificent birds, yet, what beautiful poetry. Which was he to honour—his friend, or his pastime? Which was he to triumph—blank verse or blank cartridge? “A page,” he said, “at least could come out of the cavern,” which it accordingly did, to enter that of his gun, and to address itself to the breast of a canvas-back duck. In a minute or two he was at a stand-still again, and, of course, was compelled to proceed with the reading. The third act commenced with a splendid festivity, to celebrate the hero's or somebody's nuptials, and side by side with the outpouring of music and wine, was a torrent of verse to illustrate its happiness. At the point of the hero's ninth speech to his bride, the dog was busy again; an event that, of course, deepened his critical faculty. With all this music and dancing, they cannot want so much talking—besides, it's unnatural when people are so happy!” Here's a speech of forty lines. So, of course, it came out, and with various successors, found its only delivery at the mouth of a duck-gun. The next day

came the author, with a beating heart and wide eyes, “Well, have you read it?” “Why, no—not entirely.” “Well, have you dipped into it?” “Yes, I've done that.” “And was it as heavy as you thought?” “Why rather so—at first—but as I proceeded, I liked it so much, that I began to make extracts.”—*Tallis's Dramatic Magazine.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. M.—Miss Goddard is a pupil of Thalberg, and is considerably under twenty years of age.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS desires to announce that he has REMOVED from New Bond Street to No. 3, Somerset Street, Portman Square.
December 10, 1850.

MISS M. WILLIAMS and Mr. T. WILLIAMS beg to inform the Musical Profession, their Pupils, and the Public, that they have REMOVED from 26, Charles Street, Berners Street, to 1A, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.
Dec. 13, 1850.

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